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THE EDITORIAL



alan coulson
Editor

Well, to start with one of my cover artists has gone and gotten himself married. Thats him and his charming bride just to your right. What they're doing is pretty obvious except for the picture which looks like Debbie (Mrs. Colapinto) is trying to drink Tony (Mr. Colapinto) under the table.

Joe and my lonesome self wish you both the best.

This issue we have excerpt from the *Story of the Monky King* which is one of the operas performed at the OKEEFE CENTRE this month by the Peking Opera Troupe. Rick

Anderson has decided to fill in all that left over space you the readers have left in the paper by not contributing and if that isn't revenge I don't know the meaning of the word. On the serious side though, it might be an appropriate point to make at this time. If you find something lacking in this your student newspaper then you know the cause . . . YOU! SO, CON-TRIBUTE!

Bto those of you and there are many who have taken the time out to help with this publication, goes a deep heart felt thanks.



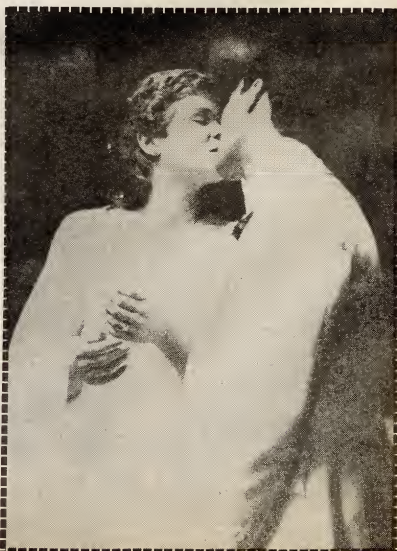
THE THE COLLEGE STAR — A RESONANT VOICE CYGNUS

Staff

Editor Alan Coulson
Co-Editor Judie L. Shore
Production Managers ... Vera Chartchenko
COVER K. Ansell
T. Colapinto

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WU CHENG-EN

The Peking Opera has just been in town and one of the plays performed is based on the following story of a rather remarkable Stone Monkey.

THE MONKEY KING I

The Stone Monkey, Its Birth and Ascendancy

Far out in the ocean, due east of the country of Aolai, there was an island unfrequented by men. It was a haven for all kinds of wild animals, which roamed its forested hills and streambed valleys in primeval freedom, unmolested by hunters bent on wanton destruction.

Among the immortals it was known as the Flower and Fruit Mountain because it abounded in fruit-bearing trees. This suited the monkeys—the chief inhabitants of the island—for they thrived on fruits.

Now on the summit of the highest mountain on the island there was a massive rock 365 inches high and 24 feet around, so fashioned by Nature that its height corresponded to the days of the year and its girth to the hours of the day. It had perched on top of the mountain for untold centuries and had been, during this indeterminate period of time, imbibing the wonderful essences of the heavens and the sun and the moon. One day it burst open with a thunderous crash and out of it rolled a ball-like object about the size of a watermelon. Presently it stopped rolling and assumed the form of a monkey.

The monkey sat up, rubbed its eyes and opened them, whereupon two rays of brilliant light issued forth and penetrated into Heaven itself and dazzled the eyes of the Jade Emperor on high sitting on his throne in the Ethereal Hall.

Telescopic Eyes and Telephonic Ears, two deities who constituted the eyes and ears of the Jade Emperor, were sent to the South Gate of Heaven to make an observation, and they soon returned and reported what had happened on the earth below. Some of the heavenly ministers were alarmed by the portent and suggested that the stone monkey should be destroyed before it became dangerous, but the Jade Emperor in his lovingkindness spared the monkey and allowed it to live.

The stone monkey was immediately accepted by the monkey tribe. They did not snub him because he had no mother, for they were not ruled by prejudices such as are found among men. All that they expected of a monkey was that it should look like a monkey, behave like a monkey, and be able to jump and swing from tree to tree as monkeys do. They cared not whether it had a mother, nor did they ask who its father might be. The stone monkey was able to do all these things and more besides, for he

was larger than the other monkeys and excelled them in feats of strength and agility. He always led them in exploring strange corners of the island and was always the first to wade into unfamiliar streams. In a short time he came to be looked upon as their leader.

The life of the monkeys was carefree and full of fun. They scampered about the island during the day, climbing trees, gathering fruits, and bathing in clear streams, and at night they slept in caves or under overhanging cliffs. Life went on like this for untold ages, for the monkeys did not know how to reckon time and regarded the seasons as alternating periods of cold and warmth, of scarcity and plenty, rather than four three-month periods into which the year is divided.

One hot summer day as the monkeys were bathing in the pool beneath the waterfall as they had done innumerable times before, one of them suggested that whoever dared to plunge through the waterfall and find out what lay beyond should be made their king. The stone monkey immediately accepted the challenge. He closed his eyes, held his breath, and dived into the waterfall. He did not have to hold his breath long, for the waterfall was in reality a screen of water hanging in space. He opened his eyes and found himself in a semicircular pool concealed from the outside by the waterfall and the overhanging cliff. A gentle slope led up to an opening in the cliff, which was otherwise sheer and perpendicular and could not be scaled. At the opening there was a stele with the inscription "Water Screen Paradise."

Without a moment's hesitation the stone monkey ran up the slope and went past the stele, beyond which he found a passageway that led into a huge grotto with tables and chairs and beds and bowls and dishes, all cut out of stone and set out in orderly fashion as if begging for someone to relieve them of their idleness.

The stone monkey was too excited to stay long in the grotto. He rushed back to the anxious and chattering monkeys waiting outside and told them what he had found. Then, following his example, they dived through the screen of water and scampered into the grotto. There was plenty of light in the large hall hewn out of stone, for the sun shone through the jagged rocks that formed a sort of caves for the grotto. The monkeys chattered with wonder and excitement and busied themselves with the stone furniture and utensils, moving them about endlessly until they had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Then the stone monkey mounted a bench and demanded silence. "A monkey without faith," he said, "is like a cart without wheels or an ox without its handle. You have agreed to make him king who dared to dive through the waterfall. Now I have dared and have found for you this cave palace; I



PEKING OPERA



remind you of your promise!"

Thereupon the monkeys fell on their knees and shouted, "Yes, you are our king. Long live the king!"

And so it came that a monkey born without a mother became the king of the monkeys in the Flower and Fruit Mountain. He ruled them wisely and well and taught them peace and good will toward their fellows such as we humans do not know even till this day.

Though in outward appearance and behavior the Monkey King was like his subjects, he differed from them in that he was often inwardly troubled by things which do not often trouble human beings, much less monkeys. One of these things was death, the awful significance of which was forced upon him by the death of an old monkey a few years after he became king. He was deeply depressed and became moody and would not play with the other monkeys as he was in the habit of doing though he was their king. He got into the habit of wandering off by himself and of sitting for hours crouched on the branch of an old pine tree

pondering upon imponderable things.

"Something ails our king," the monkeys said, "and we must do something to cheer him up."

So they decided to hold a great feast for him. They spent days in gathering fruits and nuts and succeeded in getting together a much larger variety than was ever assembled before. At the banquet in the great hall they tried their best to amuse him. But their efforts were unsuccessful. He tried to be lighthearted at first, but then he suddenly realized that one of their number was not with them. His heart was again filled with sadness and his eyes filled with tears.

The monkeys were puzzled. "Why do you weep, O King," they asked anxiously, "when we have so much cause for rejoicing? Have we not all the fruit we can eat and this grotto to shelter us from the wind and rain? And do we not all love and honor you, O King?"

"It is true that we are free and have everything we need," answered the Monkey King. "But how long will this last?"

Didn't you see what happened to old Toothless? Where is he now? You must realize that we all have to reckon with the King of Death and have to go as old Toothless did when he calls. We are not free, therefore, so long as we are mortal."

These thoughtful words sobered the monkeys, and they too began to realize how short their happiness must be, and how much shorter yet if something should happen to them, as when they miscalculated the distance between two branches and fell in their leap. They too began to weep, and the feast became a scene of lamentation instead of rejoicing.

Finally the Monkey King spoke: "There must be some way to escape death. I must find the way. In the land beyond the ocean there must be wise men who have learned the secret of immortality. I shall set out in search of them and bring back the secret."

continued on pg. 13

The Monkey King Goes in Search of Immortality

Rivercrest Junior High School

30 Harefield D.R. Roadale

25th Anniversary Reunion on

Sat. 28 Nov. 1981 between 1 & 5 p.m.

Commemorative Ceremony 2 p.m.

ALL FORMER STUDENTS WELCOME

ALUMNI WELCOME

Welcome to George Brown College. In the first week of September, the George Brown College Alumni Federation has once again demonstrated the following motto "We are back, because we care". George Brown College Alumni Federation member such as the President, Gary Lee, the Alumni Executive Director, Jaro Wojcicki and Alumni member Breck Lykes and Rita Lapointe contributed their time and effort to the first all campus picnic. This all campus picnic symbolized unity. It was the product and very successful accomplishment of a co-operative effort of both the Student and Alumni Federations. The very positive impact of this accomplishment is still being felt throughout the college.

In addition, the President Gary Lee and Student

Federation Executive Director, Diane Mallot, as part of the Orientation program spoke to incoming students regarding topics such as reaching out and helping one another, a need to get involved in order to develop and grow, a sense of community responsibility and becoming ADDICTED to positive and constructive efforts and thinking. Gary was also able to empathize with the uncertainty and in some respects fear of incoming students.

The motto for Orientation was "Let's Party Together". Gary emphasized that not only can we and must we party together, but also work together. Have a good year, GOOD LUCK.

ALUMNI FEDERATION

would also like to see new faces of 1st semester students. It is felt that the 1st semester student is should try to come out to our next Marketing meeting just to get involved. This is a good chance for you to meet new faces and at the same time making your year at George Brown more fun.

Last week (September 23-25) the Marketing club set up a booth in the lounge on the 3rd floor, to sell membership for the American Marketing Association (AMA). To make an AMA chapter we needed 25 members and we certainly exceeded that number, by making it a total of 50 members to date. More are certainly welcome.

Check the clock out often, on the 3rd floor, for future events.

Cindy Larone
Vice-president



AMERICAN MARKETING ASSOCIATION

MARKETING NEWS

Hello! Marketing Students. Just a word to let you know that the Marketing Club is finally getting into routine with activities in and out of school.

We have already had a Marketing Meeting, discussing ideas of future events, but

ST. JAMES TREASURER ELECTED

in a heated battle which saw the top two contestants battling it out to a final count of less than 15 votes apart, the St. James student body turned out to vote for a new Executive Treasurer.

St. James has been operating sans treasurer now since last May because no-one ran for the position last April.

This year however, three candidates ran for the position. They were Omarali Haide, Howard Cain and Donald Bamford. When all the voting had

ended the final count was

Howard Cain 63
Omarali Haide 52
Donald Bamford 38

Howard was unavailable for comment at the time of this writing (Reliable sources say that Mr. Cain was "flying high" at the time) but we congratulated him on his victory and wish him well in his new responsibility.

RICHARD D. ANDERSON
Social Convener
St. James Campus



THEATER ARTS CLUB

The second year students would like to extend a warm welcome to all George Brown students to attend our first production of "THE CRUCIBLE" by Arthur Miller and dramatic play, which is a realistic account of the Salem witch trials.

The performance dates are

OCTOBER 22, 1981 8:00 p.m.

OCTOBER 23, 1981 8:00 p.m.

OCTOBER 24, 1981 2:00 & 8:00 p.m.

For more info - call 967-1212 and ask for The Theater Arts Department.



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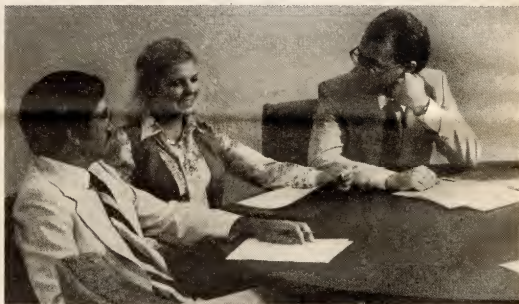
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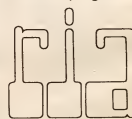
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YOU & THE LAW SERIES

This series is presented by St. James Student Council in Co-operation with Julie Wilmot & Marianne Warton (practising lawyers)

Staff & Students are invited to attend:

October 22 Legal-Aid

12:00-1:00

- what is it?
- how do I get it?
- outline eligibility

November 5 Alcohol & Drugs

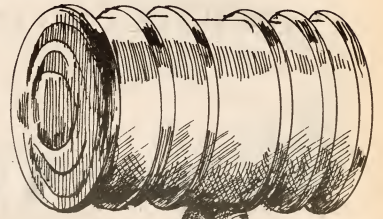
12:00-1:00

- drunkenness
- minor drug charges
- underage drinking
- highway traffic act

Dec. 3 Family Law

12:00- 1:00

- marriage contracts
- co-habitation
- support
- custody



WOMEN'S SECTION

WOMEN'S WORK IN NINETEENTH CENTURY CANADA

The following excerpts are printed from: **NEVER DONE, Three Centuries of Women's Work in Canada: The Corrective collective, 1974.** Published by: the **Canadian Women's Educational Press, Toronto, Canada.**

The Canadian Census of 1921 TELLS THE STORY. In 1891, 862 women in Canada worked in business or professional offices. Twenty years later 25,438 were in such office work, and by 1921 the number was 54,411. That year, for the first time domestic service was not the largest area of women's employment; whenever there was an alternative to domestic service, women took it.

In 1906 the first Canadian office placement bureau for women only was established in Toronto by an employee of Underwood Ltd. And in 1911 Katherine Gibbs, a feminist started a secretarial school in Boston exclusively for women. The process had begun that would eventually make "girl" and "typist" virtually synonymous. But for the moment, office work offered hundreds of women a more respectable and attractive source of a living than dependence on the family, domestic service and sewing trousers for sixty cents a dozen.

By the mid-19th century a large number of skilled women were able to make a living of sorts as dressmakers and "tailoresses" or as seamstresses who did the plain sewing required for household linens. In fact, needlework was the second most important paid occupation for women at that time.

In the early years in England Canada, few women worked full time as dressmakers or seamstresses. As in early New France, cloth was imported, expensive and hard to come

by. For even the most stylish of Canadians, new dresses were rare, since they took up to 30 yards of material. Women wore the clothes they brought with them; altered them to imitate more recent styles if they had time; recut them for clothes for the children; and finally used cloth for rugs or quilts when all wearability was gone. Women's dresses were usually made of wool or silk. With no drycleaning except the difficult and ineffective "fuller earth" method, spots just stayed on, and burns (not unusual in a country of open fires and candlelighting) were disguised by alteration and embroidery. Canadian women were quick to adopt dresses with the new wider sleeves which became fashionable in mid-century. This style permitted removable, washable undersleeves and matching collars, a refreshingly clean novelty.

When a new dress was absolutely necessary, the cleverest member of the family with a needle would painstakingly take apart the bodice of the old dress and use it for a pattern for their new.

Every stitch was sewn by hand, so women who could afford it were glad to hire someone else. In the growing cities, dressmaking was a highly regarded profession for women.

By the 1860's a few sewinghouses offered a marvelous aid, the sewing machine. The advantage to women in time was enormous, and the sewing machine business boomed. With the development of a ready-made clothing business, a multi-million dollar industry was created to do the same work the women had been doing in their homes by hand. No longer was sewing to be done by an individual woman in her own home or shop. No longer did she work at her own pace. No longer was she concerned with the garment produced, but rather, with the payment received.

The ready-made garment industry now opened up a new area of paid employment for women, characterized by large scale use of machinery. Now women left their homes to labour in the factory, where they monotonously repeated their boring tasks in production time and again. They worked with others, but the demands of the machinery (not to mention the foreman) forbade them any time to become acquainted with the women working beside them — who probably spoke a different language in any case.

Isolated from each other, and removed from the end product of all their labour, women received little satisfaction and not much more money. In Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg, women worked long hours for low pay in terrible conditions to make the ready-mades that eased other women's lives. The story of the clothing workers of London and New York is familiar to many people, but Canada also had (and has) a sweated clothing industry large enough in the 1890s to merit parliamentary investigation.

In 1901, about 2700 women worked in merchandizing in Canada. By 1921, 36,189 women behind store counters made "salesgirl" par of the language. The story of women's early days as salesclerks is almost as horrifying as that of the needleworkers. Women were required to work on their feet 12 hours a day, topped off with a 16 hour day on Saturday. Rates of pay were outrageous too. Out of the terrific strain placed on the women grew demands for shorter hours, a place to sit down when times were slow and a half-holiday once a week.

In 1895 an employer of sweated needleworkers told the Royal Commission hearings, "I had a grocery store in this city not long ago, and a girl came to me and offered her services for

two and a half dollars per week, although her hours were longer in that store than those of any girl tailoring for me . . . I consider on the whole that the girls in Toronto who work for respectable sweaters are better paid and have a better time than the general run of girls." He probably wasn't too far wrong, at least for many shop clerks.

Women were traditionally employed in the canning industry. At first, Native women were hired to make nets, clean the fish and fill the cans — no doubt because they were available to do the work and cheaper than men. Later they were joined by Japanese and then Scottish women whose wages were so low that employers could "afford" to pay their passage and still make a handsome profit. Workers made three cents for every dozen cans they filled and they were expected to fill a dozen cans every four minutes. Before the advent of machinery, a woman worker filled 1,200 to 1,400 cans a shift.

There is one report of a cannery manager who found that women were not as skillful at filling cans as he thought they should be. He corrected one so many times that she finally flung the cans to the floor and suggested that he fill them himself. "You work!", she told him. He was so overcome by this rank insubordination that he failed to record whether or no, he fired her.

In the absence of daycare, women had to bring their infants to the factory. In the absence of decent wages, children had to be put to work. There was little protective legislation regarding women and children, particularly in the canning industry.

For ten hours a day one might earn for one's labour the meagre sum of \$3.00 to \$3.50.

For women with some education, teaching offered a means of self-support. You might have assumed that teaching was one of the first paying jobs for women, but that was not so. First of all, there were no organized state-supported schools until the 1840s, and secondly, men filled any positions which existed.

Government official refused to provide public education, since they disliked democracy in any form; it smacked of republicanism (and hence, creeping-damn-yankism). Of course, there was education for the sons of the rich. Grammar schools, controlled and operated by the Church of England, took as their holy mission the training of an administrative elite and the suppression of subversive tendencies such as the aforementioned free education

Schooling for the masses was a haphazard commodity provided by women in their homes for their own children. Although not all backwoods people could see the immediate advantage of their children being able to read *Pilgrim's Progress*, many did. The first steps toward turning teaching into wage labour occurred when groups of parents came together and hired some so-called teachers. The pay was princely. Seventy-five cents a day—three-quarters of the going rate for a day-labourer. Male teachers were obliged to lodge in such dwellings as they could afford, "in the lowest taverns, and consequently to associate with the lowest and most dissipated character in the neighborhood." The predominantly male teaching "profession" was three-deep in misfits and handicapped persons who could not find nor do an "honest day's work".

As time went on, some districts hired women, because they were cheaper . . . and because fewer men wanted the jobs. Nevertheless, women had to overcome the prejudice which saw them as mentally incompetent to teach and physically unable to keep discipline. "A classroom was sometimes crowded with more than one hundred children . . . and standards of conduct, clothing, and hygiene were not high."

Unlike the men, women were invited to board with local families, and not just for their sparkling personalities. Miss Susan Flynn, who taught from the time she was fourteen, stated, "As I was handy at cutting out children's clothes and was a good sewer at plain and fancy needlework, I was always a welcome guest and was invariably treated as one of the family."

Although women proved themselves capable of coping with both the teaching and the discipline, they received less pay than male teachers. In the 1860s, **WOMEN WERE PAID** \$245.00 per year and men \$475.00. In the 1870s, when women shared the teaching profession equally with men, salaries in town schools showed an even greater discrepancy between the sexes. Men teachers received \$450.00, women \$200.00. In spite of measly wages, by 1880, women teachers were in the majority.

The superiority of some women teachers was recognized. Mrs. Georgina Riches was considered such an outstanding teacher that she was asked to bring her class for a demonstration lesson before the Ontario Education Association. When one trustee suggested that she be promoted to principal *at a man's salary*, the estimation of her worthiness plummeted like a stone. There was a great deal of wrangling and opposition, but eventually the promotion (and salary) were approved.

Woman on the Go

Women may soon have a competitive edge over their male counterparts in the labor force if inflation continues on its present course, says Dian Cohen, noted Canadian economist. As prices soar, women, who are traditionally cheaper sources of labor, will be in greater demand by cost-conscious employers.

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- Lifestyle testing centre
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- Featuring live Dow Jones news and TSE quotations.
- Ontario wines - talks and tastings.
- Arts and crafts centre - demonstrations and exhibitions.
- Home decor clinics.
- Food preparation for busy women.
- Career lectures, covering re-entry, getting to and staying at the top, taking pride in your job, etc., and Canada Employment and Immigration Commission CHOICES, a computerized career selector.
- Women's resource centre.
- Home fire protection.
- Travel tips.
- Psychic centre - astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants, etc.
- Free day care.
- Special boutique selling areas.

Partial Lecture Schedule

Note: Once admission is paid there are no charges for lectures and seminars. They will take place in four areas in the Queen Elizabeth Building and the Theatre. This accounts for overlapping times. There are 92 scheduled lectures in the Financial, Careers and Lifeskills Centres. Locations are well posted. The following is merely a sampling.

Friday, October 16th

(Many of the following programs have been developed for older adults.)

- 11:30-12:00 p.m. "Mandatory Retirement, the Pros and Cons," by Rhea Shulman, Executive Director, Centre for Creative Living. Success Seminars for Working Women Same as Thursday
- 2:30-1:30 p.m. Fashion Show Living alone safely. Watching out for the smooth talking stranger, and exercise breaks.
- 3:00-4:00 p.m. Running clinic for beginners - by Elaine Dembe, Chiropractor and marathon runner. Includes fun run - so bring running gear.
- 5:00-6:00 p.m. Beauty seminar - "Staying Ahead of the Aging Game"
- 6:00-7:00 p.m. "Why Men Have Been Getting Away With Rape" - by Lynne Gordon, broadcaster and author.
- 7:00-7:45 p.m. Fashion Show
- 7:00-9:45 p.m. Sexual Harassment Forum - Moderator Alison Roberts, Director of the Women's Bureau, Ontario Ministry of Labour. Draw for door prizes.
- 9:45 p.m.

Saturday, October 17th

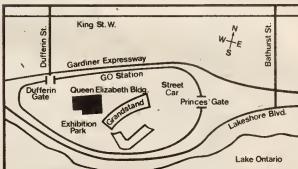
- 11:00 -12:00 p.m. Fashion seminar - "Making a Career Out of Fashion"
- 12:00-1:00 p.m. Montclair fitness expert and health care analyst TerryLynn Smith, "Listen To The Language of Your Body"
- 1:00-1:45 p.m. Fashion Show
- 1:00-3:00 p.m. Non-Traditional Jobs for Women - First Hour - trades women, Moderator Wendy Vermeersch, Sheridan College. Second Hour - professional women, Moderator Mayor Gayle Christie

- 3:00-4:00 p.m. "Women and Stress" - by Marjorie Blackhurst, Shell Canada, Mary Vachon, Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, and Eunice Skinner, Ontario Hydro. Running clinic - same as Friday.
- 3:00-4:00 p.m. "How to Travel Successfully for Business or Pleasure" - by Wendy Copeland, CP Air.
- 4:00-5:00 p.m. Aesthetics Three - "Complete Face and Body Care", and techniques in reflexology.
- 5:00-6:00 p.m. Fashion Show
- 7:00-7:45 p.m. Psychic demonstrations and panel discussion by astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants, etc.
- 9:00-9:45 p.m. Draw for door prizes
- 9:45 p.m.

Sunday, October 18th

- 10:20-2:00 p.m. William Ashley Ltd. - "Glamorizing your old china with new accessories."
- 2:00-3:00 p.m. "How to Get a Job in the Media" - Helen Hutchinson - television, Judy Webb - radio, Meredith Tone - advertising, and Ruth Hammond - public relations. Moderator Doris Anderson.
- 2:30-3:30 p.m. "Single Again - A Brand New Life" - by Denise Olmstead, Parents Without Partners.
- 3:00-4:00 p.m. Fashion Show
- 3:00-4:00 p.m. Running clinic - same as Friday.
- 4:30-5:00 p.m. "How to Make Beautiful Food Presentations" - by Bonnie Stern, Bonnie Stern Cooking School.
- 4:00-4:30 p.m. Dale Carnegie - "I'm in Charge Here, But Please Don't Call Me Sir!", by Mary McEachern. Closing ceremonies and grand prize draws.
- 5:45 p.m.

How to get there



Public Transport:

Take the Bathurst streetcar No. 511 or the Dufferin bus No. 29 right into Exhibition Grounds. The GO trains stop right in the Exhibition grounds

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Sunday 12 p.m. - 6 p.m.
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WOW! I mean all I can say is "WOW!" WHAT A PARTY!!!!

After three months of planning and praying for good weather the first All-Campus Picnic blasted off in good style.

According to the Parks people and the people from Dalmat foods, we had between 1500-2000 people attend (which I might add was more than Ryerson attracted to their picnic held the day before).

The Athletic Dept., under the expert direction of Alex, Albert, Val and Sheckey was out in full force dreaming up a seemingly endless array of wierd and woolly stunts and competitions throughout the afternoon. Those people who braved their way through the infamous egg toss, lost their shoes permanently in the shoe hunt strained their muscles in the tug of war (did the girls' team really beat the guy's team 4 times out of 5?) and left bits of their running shoes behing in an effort to win the various races were rewarded by prizes galore.

Later on in the day button spotters roamed the grounds searching for people wearing the "LET'S PARTY TOGETHER" buttons and awarded still more prizes to those lucky people.

Beer flowed like water and so did a few people after a few hours and a few pints.

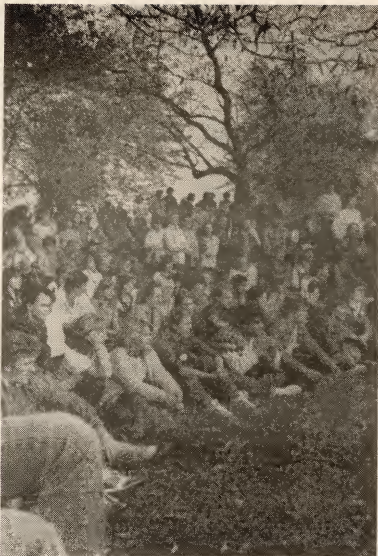
G.B.F.M. was there in force and Harvey, Jim, Tom, Brad, Hugo, Dave, Dave and Dave rocked all day to that special sound we at George Brown like to call our own. (Did I forget any Dave's guys?)

Ken & Mary from the Good Times Frisbee Show dazzled everyone with their special talents and were heard to remark on what a rowdy crowd it was. However they seemed unperturbed by it all and partied with the rest of us. (I think the rowdiness had something to do with Mary's shorts)

A raffle was held, and although I forgot to get their names, several lucky souls won a telephone, calculator, pedometer, a camera, a G.B.C. Jackey, free film processing and diploma frames for those people who will be collecting same in the not to distant future.

Round the corner, Mr. Kerman & Mr. Cooper from Kesington and crew were cooking up the now famous 25¢ hotdogs and Al Steip, Vera Charchenko, Silvano Redina, Valerie Bartolomucci (Nice girl, but what a name to have to type) and Karen MacPhee were dishing out hotdogs, pop and other assorted goodies. Actually, there are many other people who were there offering their services (picking up garbage, hanging signs, buying me beers). To all of them, (and You Know who you are), a Hearty thanks for pulling it off.

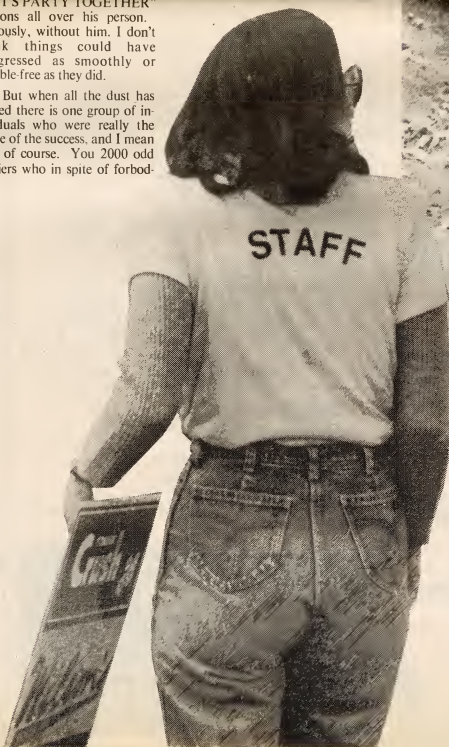
Of course, I can't forget to thank Mr. Light (prez. George Brown College) who took time from his busy schedule to assist us in the early planning stages



and who also came to the picnic himself (sans tie) and allowed us to dress him up in a "LET'S PARTY TOGETHER" T-shirt and risked almost certain death while yours truly and Diane Mallot proceeded to stick "LET'S PARTY TOGETHER" buttons all over his person. Seriously, without him, I don't think things could have progressed as smoothly or trouble free as they did.

But when all the dust has settled there is one group of individuals who were really the cause of the success, and I mean you, of course. You 2000 odd partiers who in spite of forbid-

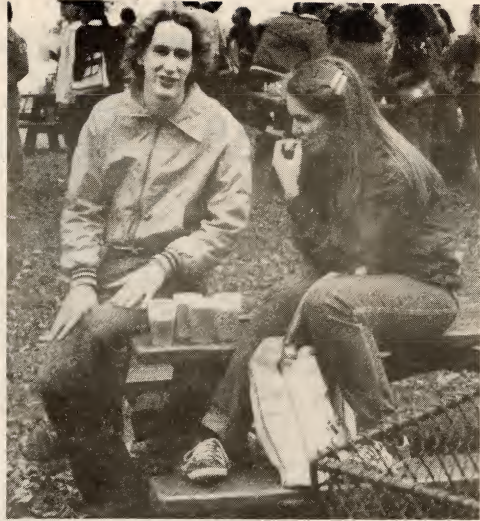
ding skies came from all four campuses and braved the waters of Lake Ontario and the Long line-ups at the beer tents, to party with the best. Our hats are off to you. Thanks for the great day.



GEORGE BROWN CENTRE

So, on behalf of the planning committee: Jaro Wojcickie, Executive Director of the Alumni Federation; Diane Mallot, Executive Director of the Student Federation; Carolin Butler, Business Manager, Casa Loma; Vera Charchenko, Business Manager, St. James; Edith Ficker (President, hospitality club, Kensington; Ken Odiam, President, Nightingale; Karen MacPhee,





DOWN ROCKS ISLAND

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V COLLEGE 1981

Executive Co-ordinator, St. James; and myself, Social Convener, St. James, wish to thank you all and the next time your walking down a hall and you hear of an event sponsored by another campus, drop down and LET'S PARTY TOGETHER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

richard d. anderson
Chairman,
All-Campus Picnic

ENTERTAINMENT

LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF REVISITED



Richard Wlodarski

After an absence of twenty years from the living screen, the legend of the werewolf returns to haunt the dark recesses of our minds. Director John Landis has sustained a twelve year dream (the making of *An American Werewolf in London*) Through the financial success of his previous movies, namely *Animal House* and *Blues Brothers*. The very title of this extraordinary film suggest to the audience what is awaiting it—a horror comedy. Distinct from a horrendous comedy, this horror comedy will invariably breed a new genre of film which will bring in megabucks for those Hollywood tycoons.

An American Werewolf in London now playing at the Variety Theatre (Bloor and Bay) and a few other movie houses in the city is an innovative film whose success lay in the hands of that very gifted creative genius John Landis. Landis has taken a ludicrous idea i.e. the legend of the werewolf and made it more ludicrous by making the setting London, England. He has done this deliberately in order that he may take full advantage of the suspense filled atmosphere of England with all of her fog and juxtapose comedy. Picture if you will the two main actors, namely Jack Goodwin (Griffin Dunne) and David Kessler (David Naughton) walking through the gloomy woods of Northern England on a cold rainy night. They have just had an unusual experience at a pub called The Slaughtered Lamb at which the inhabitants appear to be warding off evil spirits by burning candles in front of a petange and have been cautioned by the very same to remain on the road and to beware of the full moon. Although they appear to be a little nervous about what has just transpired they nonetheless go their merry way through the woods singing and joking around. All of a sudden they hear a strange sound reminiscent of a werewolf. One asks the other, "What was that?" and the reply is "Probably just a coyote." to which the response in "There are no coyotes in England" with the final saying being "Oh yeah". At this point the theatre audience broke out laughing which was needed to relieve some of the suspense. The suspense continues to build throughout the scene and had it not been relieved with laughter the climax would have been somewhat overbearing.

Without giving away too much of the film, I should like to give the reader a brief account of what actually happens. Jack is maulled to death by a werewolf and comes back to life to warn his best friend, David, who has been attacked by the werewolf but not killed, that David is the last of the werewolves and that he must kill himself before he kills others. David is too busy being in love with the nurse who was taking care of him while he had been hospitalized to take any of this too seriously and tells Jack that he refuses to be terrified by a walking meatloaf. David should have listened to Jack but he waited too long and what happened was not in the least bit pleasant.

I liked *An American Werewolf in London* on several counts. Firstly, the acting was by no means excellent, that is, none of the actors will win an Oscar, but it was definitely good. Griffin Dunne, who plays Jack Goodwin and David Naughton, who plays David Kessler, play the roles of Americans to the Tee. They are cool, yet not so cool, calm, yet not so calm and collective, yet not so collective. There is a charm and naivete about them that makes the audience like them and sympathize with their downfalls.

Jenny Agutter has the role of the sensuous nurse and is David's Naughton's love interest in this film. Her sensuous quality is perhaps the reason that Franco Zeffirelli had given her the opportunity to audition for *Romeo and Juliet* and without question the reason she had been chosen for *Logan's Run*. In addition to her beauty, she is able to act. She has innocence about her and an inner beauty which can't help but make one feel at ease with her and pleased with the role which she is playing.

Outside of the director, however, the real star of the movie is the special make-up effects namely Rick Baker. Rick was successful in making everything grotesque. From the severely damaged face of Jack with the flesh just hanging limply to the truly horrendous werewolf who was made to be as realistic as possible by walking on all fours and not just on his feet like werewolves in the past, Rick reiterated that he was indeed the academy award winner for his job on *Star Wars*.

With halloween just around the corner don't you owe it to yourself to relive the legend of the werewolf.

and now a word from...



Well it has been a busy month here at St. James and the action is far from over. During the past few weeks I have had an opportunity to meet quite a few of you and from the looks of things this should be a good year for parties!

Speaking of which, the next party here at St. James is on Oct. 30. That is a Friday night and it is our grande masquerade Ball Dance. There will be a small cover at the door and people in costume will get in cheaper. I have booked two bands for this occasion: Lizzie Borden, and Live Magnetic Air.

Lizzie Borden's accomplishments include a tour with Mitch Ryder this summer. The response for Lizzie was so great that it was greater than Mitch Ryder himself. This band is colourful, energetic and tight. And you'll see what I mean when you watch their lead vocalist, Sally MacKay, as she slinks about the stage.

Also on the bill, Live Magnetic Air consists of several St. James students and former students. Last year they rocked variety night with their rendition of Max Webster. Last month they were voted Toronto's best air band in the Q-107 air band contest. The band consists of Pat Macalief (last year's social convener), Glen Kimber (who is no stranger to the Graphic Arts Dept.), Steve Munro and Mario Stelislano. These guys are bizarre enough on any normal night but they should really come undone on Halloween 'en night. Times for the bands are as follows:

- 6:45 Live Magnetic Air
- 7:45 Lizzie Borden
- 8:45 " "
- 9:45 " "

So, get out early for a good time. I might also add that we will be having a costume contest that night and we will be giving out prizes for several categories which I will be advertising on the bulletin boards.

Several people have asked what became of the weekly pubs at the Jarvis House this year. I decided to attempt to hold more on-campus events this year for the following reasons:

1. Price of booze is much cheaper.
2. Any monies made from an event of this nature can be returned to the students in the form of more SAC services and/or bigger and better bands for less

continued on pg. 11

<p>Thief OCTOBER 16</p>	<p>ROMAN POLANSKI'S REPULSION The Tenant OCTOBER 28</p>
<p>SOLARIS the ultimate trip OCTOBER 17</p>	<p>THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND NOVEMBER 6</p>
<p>"Where's Poppa?" OCTOBER 20</p>	<p>DODGE CITY The Adventures of Robin Hood NOVEMBER 9</p>
<p>Up in Smoke OCTOBER 23</p>	<p>Lord of the Flies Brother Sun, Sister Moon NOVEMBER 18</p>
<p>With Intermission...</p> <p>In new screen splendor... The most magnificent picture ever!</p> <p>DAVID O. SELZVICK'S WONDERFUL TOGETHER CLARK GABLE VIVIAN LEIGH LESLIE HOWARD OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND STEREOPHONIC SOUND • METROCOLOR An MGM Re-release NOVEMBER 22 NOVEMBER 23</p>	

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OCTOBERFEST CRUISE WAS WUNDERBAR!

St. James Campus took to the high seas in search of adventure as Octoberfest moved out of the cafeteria and aboard the Mariposa Belle.

The Mariposa is a three tiered vessel renovated to resemble a Mississippi paddle wheeler.

All week preceding the cruise, tickets had been going well and a sellout was in sight. When the morning of the cruise dawned rain was pouring down in a volume which threatened to cancel the cruise (or so the prevailing rumors of the day had it). However, a call to the management of the Mariposa Belle soon dispelled many of our fears. It seemed that Lake Ontario was "down a couple of Quarts" and God was merely topping it off. But the rain did nothing to dispell the party mood and ticket sales continued throughout the day.

By 7:00 the rain had stopped and there was quite a crowd queing outside the boat. By 7:20 most people had in fact boarded and were in line for the first or second drink of the

night. About this time Dave White (Marketing Club) and myself went up to the street to direct in any stragglers. Although the boat was scheduled to leave at 7:30 sharp we held off until about 7:40 before finally pulling up the gangplank and heading out to sea (to the extreme relief of onfe individual who literally leaped aboard the boat as we were pulling away).

In all approx. 210 students were on the boat being less than 50 people away from a complete sellout. Surprisingly enough it was not cold out and the top deck was soon filled to capacity with people dancing the night away.

Sound was provided by the Mariposa Belle and although we experienced some technical difficulties we soon had the problem sorted out and the partying was on in earnest. We stayed in the harbour and the Island Lagoons because it was far too rough to venture into the middle of Lake Ontario, as was very graphically proven when we found ourselves out by the

Toronto Island Airport. (It sure does strange things to the system especially yours truly whose idea of rocking and rolling previously was restricted to a form of music).

Nice to see that some students from other campuses made the trip to party with us as was pointed out when the door prizes were awarded. One of the winners was a girl from Jewellery Arts from Casa Loma. In all, four sets of beer glasses were awarded.

Although everything was not perfect everyone aboard partied and enjoyed themselves which was the purpose of the cruise in the first place. We docked at 11:30 and last partier sorta flew off the boat at 12:30. I sympathized with those people who had to study for a test in the morning because that was exactly what yours truly (over gallons of coffee) was doing. See you at the next party!!!!

RICHARD D. ANDERSON
Social Convener
St. James Campus

GBFM

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

10:00	JAZZ	MELLOW	JAZZ	MELLOW	SIXTIES
11:00	A.R.	JAZZ	COUNTRY	REGGAE SOUL	A.R.
NOON	A.R.	A.R.	A.R.	A.R.	A.R.
1:00	A.R.	RECORDED SPECIAL	A.R.	A.R.	A.R.
2:00	A.R.	A.R.	LIVE SPECIAL	REGGAE SOUL	A.R.
3:00	REGGAE SOUL	A.R.	A.R.	CONTEMP. ROCK	A.R.
4:00					

A.R. ALTERNATIVE ROCK

GBFM is a student operated closed circuit broadcasting service located in the North West corner of the atrium, on the third floor of St. James Campus, with the office in room 160.

It is run entirely by a volunteer staff of about 30 students from all courses at St. James. Being a service as opposed to a club, GBFM answers to the student council of St. James which is also where the major portion of funding is derived for operation.

For 1981-82, operating hours at GBFM are; 10:00 AM-4:00 PM; Monday through Friday. GBFM can be heard throughout the school in various places from 48 loudspeakers. The Atrium offers an excellent listening area from the elevators all the way to the book store. The north end of the cafeteria is also excellent listening. We have also expanded our systems on the 5th and

3rd lounges for much better coverage and better listening. The 4th floor lounge has just received and entirely new system of 5 speakers.

GBFM takes on some of the qualities of standard AM and FM station, in that we give news, views and alot of music, but the music is where GBFM differs from AM and even FM stations. The CRTC has allocated "campus radio" as alternative radio, so we at GBFM have decided that to be alternative radio we will have alternative music. For the most part this means playing artists that have yet to break the top 40 charts of established top 40 stations. Although we still have whows where one can hear some "pop" sounds, over 60% of our programming is alternative music.

Proof of this can be seen in our bimonthly top ten albums listing. Now we are not saying, you're likely never to hear these artists but we are saying you'll hear them first on GBFM!

Top Ten Albums

for the period : SEPTEMBER 8 TO 18



Album	Artist	Label
1 HARDY HEAVY	AVIOL	ATTIC
2 THE ROP CATS	THE ROP CATS	ATTIC
3 RED	BENAN LEIGUE	POLYGRAM
4 CONCRETE	VEE	POLYGRAM
5 THE RIGHT TO BE ITALIAN	HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS	POLYGRAM
6 FUTURE SHOCK	GILLIAN	POLYGRAM
7 MUSIC MENDER AND THE WEATHER	MAGNUS	POLYGRAM
8 THE ART OF PARTIES	JAFAN	POLYGRAM
9 LET HIGH ANKLES	HORNET EATTH	RED
10 GAIN 'EM UP	THE THOMAS THOMPSON	POLYGRAM

"SMASHING SUCCESS"



STUDENTS sitting and having their lunch in the cafeteria were startled out of their calm environment by the sound of equipment being rolled up the halls and over to the stage area. The sound equipment which arrived filling a five-ton truck to the hilt took over an hour to unload from the truck. Before the afternoon was over the volunteer staff would empty yet two more such trucks bringing the estimated equipment value to over \$25,000. Six guys then worked feverishly all afternoon to set up this equipment and in spite of all the hassles we had it together only fifteen minutes later.

The sound, which was supplied by Westbury Sound (Toronto's largest sound company), was, in a word, GREAT!!!! After lugging all that stuff around for two hours, the first notes of the Police emanating from the columns was (to quote an old cliché), music to our ears.

Finally, we opened the doors at 4:15 p.m. and let in those very patient people who were waiting from before 4:00

o'clock. By 4:16 the first beer of the night was finally opened and the party was under way.

G.B.F.M. were there again and Harvey Baiths. Jim (not Tom) Robinson and Hugo Von Lovetow were spinning that special sound we know so well. That is until I, in my haste to remove the offensive white lights from the area, cut their power, causing a mad troubleshooting exercise in the disc jockey area.

At 6:45 Horace Faith took to the stage and, by the second set, encouraged by the sight of Harvey Baiths dancing with Miss Piggy (In my opinion one of the sexiest dates at the dance) people loosened up and started to dance the night away.

By the time Kio hit the stage people were more than ready to rock, and rock they did, threatening to make the name (break the floor dance) a reality

Closing came at 11:00 o'clock, and the business of trying to remember who you came in with and where you lived began in earnest. I fear the

challenge was too much for a lot of people and they headed to a local bar instead to stave off the inevitable. At this time too, came the business of tearing down all that equipment and wrapping up what seemed like miles of cable. In spite of Jay's prediction, (Westbury sound man), we had him loaded and ready to roll at 12:15 and a truck that looked suspiciously like his was seen parked out side a familiar watering hole. By 12:30 Al Saunders (pub Manager) and myself were enjoying a well-deserved beer at the Jarvis House and were rocking on to the sounds of Whiskey Howl.

In all, about 200 people showed up and parted, and a special little note to the guys sitting near the bar. Congratulations! That was the Largest and Tallest Pyramid of beer glasses built in G.B.C. in the last two years. Well done guys!

Richard D. Anderson
Social Convener
St. James Campus

continued from pg. 9

than you will ever find outside in the hotels. This means that as attendance to these parties increases you will be giving me more to work with and I will be much better equipped to increase the quality and diversity of after school events.

I am currently in talks with the administration over student sponsored activities involving alcohol on campus. The college policy draft states that permission will not be given to activities "of a non-repetitive nature". What does non-repetitive mean? Is once a year a repetitive nature or does that mean, only that we can not schedule a five night a week pub? I am currently asking for clarification on this matter but I need your help. I was elected to this position to attempt to schedule what the majority of students want. Although I have a very energetic Spirit Committee which is trying to plan activities that will appeal to the greatest number of students there are a lot of students from whom we never hear. Criticism of the Student Council from the Administration has taken the form of "Student Councils place an unnatural emphasis on booze related activities and please a very small minority of students." So you agree or disagree? It is of hope that through on-campus activities I can fund activities which will be of a widely diversified nature. (i.e. Toronto Symphony Orchestra in the Atrium etc.)

While that last example may have been extreme if enough students showed a desire to have such entertainment I would in fact try to book them. The point is this, in order for me to properly do my job

The Jarvis House

Presents Monday Night Football

Oct. 15-16-17

Ryan Brothers

Oct. 19-20-21

Grotty Beats

(Special Beatle

Night With Q107)

Oct. 26-27-28

Oliver Heavside

PUB NIGHTS

THURSDAY NO

COVER FOR GEORGE

BROWN STUDENTS

MUST SHOW

STUDENT CARD

and complete my mandate it is vitally important that you the student, let us know what activities you want. With that in mind I would ask you to fill out the questionnaire contained in this issue and drop it down to room 124. Thank you for helping me program what you want to see.

continued on pg. 14

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"WORKING TOWARDS TOMORROW, TODAY" PHYSICAL DISTRIBUTION — ROUNDUP

By: Vilenka Cestnik

YOUR CHANGING WORLD

BY ADI MISTRY

Standing on Your Own Feet

Everyone who has joined community Colleges or Universities this year is looking forward to standing on his or her own feet and making their own way in the business world.

But before you stand on your own feet you must have more in your head than the desire to stand up. As new novices to the college environment you need to know enough to keep your balance. In this changing world of high technology it is not enough to have in your head nothing more than was there yesterday.

No individual can be completely sovereign in the sense that he/she is in no way affected by what happens outside themselves. Your independence must walk hand in hand with the knowledge of what is going on, that is participation, intelligent use of common sense

and a sense of dedication to work assigned, be it in class or campus activities.

What have you that is particular to yourself, a point of distinction, something in which you are proficient.

That is the key feature to show and develop. A person may find at first some subjects in the first semester difficult to understand, and master. The thing to do is find your best quality and bring it to maturity. I know it sounds easy, but try to seek new friends, the staff to aid you in acquiring knowledge and developing skills patiently. Opportunity to share will come to the person who enlarges their ability, stores their mind with useful data and has the desire and energy to move confidently toward an objective.

Are you ready to stand on your feet?



500 years ago--

Next time an airline loses your baggage or your accommodation is sub-standard thank your lucky stars you're not travelling in Europe 500 years ago. Travel was not only no fun but extremely dangerous. Often friends and neighbours would lay bets on one never getting back home. Travellers who survived the journey brought back tales of hair-raising adventures and hilarious misadventures.

Until a century or two ago hardly anyone left home voluntarily unless it was to improve his lot. No one went for pleasure, to bask in the sun or because his neighbour had been.

Most early voyagers loathed travelling, partly because they ran across the same things which plague

tourists these days - vile food, bad weather, crazy drivers (driving wagons then) and the affliction now given dozens of cute names but then known as "the flex".

Packing was a major problem even then. Santo Brasca in 1480 advised taking two bags full of money, plus "a good many shirts, so as to avoid lice and other unclean things as much as possible, and also tablecloths, towels, sheets, pillowcases and such like", and in addition a 300 word list of food supplies.

Early travellers, like today's, complained bitterly of being cheated and over charged. Pero Tafur of Bruges in 1398 wrote "this is not a place for poor men".

The great dangers that travellers were faced with that today's tourists are not likely to encounter included the risk of being captured and sold into slavery or becoming unwitting cannibals.

Even in the 1500's there was a beaten tourist track. Most of the travellers visited familiar places. Venice was a popular place and often astonished travellers with the number of canals. In reality today, nothing has changed much except the merchandising of travel - mass travel, bigger jets and precharged holidays.



Cecily Mills, Public Relations
Vilenka Cestnik, VP
Mohammed Musa, Treasurer
Peter Milne, President

On behalf of the P.D. Club members, we extend a warm welcome to all new and returning students.

This year your elected members are as follows: Peter Milne as President, Vilenka Cestnik as Vice-President, Cecily Mills as Public Relations and Mohammed Musa as Treasurer.

During the past few weeks a lot of preparation has gone into arranging seminars by our P.D. Advisor, Mr. A. Mistry. The first guest speaker, Mr. C. R. Wilmont, Executive Director of Enforcement, Ministry of Transportation, spoke to the third-semester transportation students. His overview of Regulatory Control of For-Hire Trucking in Ontario was very informative.

In his approach the speaker used a sense of humour that was

enjoyed by the class.

On September 24, 1981, the same students attended a field trip at the Ontario Highway Transport Board. The guest speaker was Mr. S. Kell, Director of Administration, who spoke on the Regulatory Procedures and Operations of the Ontario Highway Transport Board. Later the class attended actual in court hearings to two sessions on the application of licence for expanding transportation business. The students completed a mini project for the Ontario Trucking Association (O.T.A.).

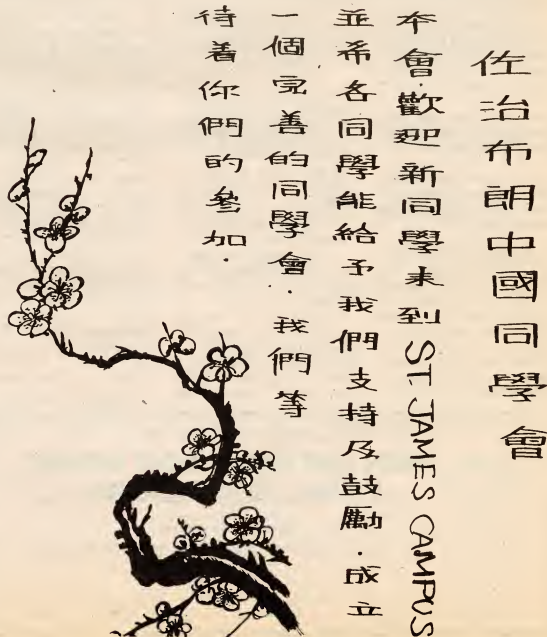
The next in-class lecture will be presented on October 6, 1981 by Mr. T. Sharp, Manager of dangerous goods transportation from the Ministry of Transportation and Communications. The next day Mr. Don Allison, Divisional P.D. Manager of John-Manville

Canada Ltd., will be addressing the class.

American Airlines has scheduled a half-day seminar on Freight System guide which will be held at Cara Inn on October 8, 1981, from 8:30-12:30. The students will also have the opportunity to participate on an actual demonstration of freight on-line loading at the airport. Further information on future trips will be published in the next issue.

If you have any suggestions about any activities which you feel would enrich your participation in the program, please drop by Room 362 and let us know.

We are certain that these seminars and field trips will greatly benefit, as well as enrich the students' learning abilities and to open their horizons towards a successful career.



Next issue: Mass Travel

continued from pg. 2

The very next day the Monkey King set out on a raft built of mountain pines and crossed over to the mainland. There he encountered human beings for the first time. For a few days he hid from them and watched them with curious and apprehensive eyes, but he gradually became bolder and managed to appropriate some clothes and dressed himself in them. In time he learned human speech and went everywhere asking people how one might become immortal. No one could tell him and all thought that he was foolish to have such a notion. He visited the monasteries in the mountains and talked with the Buddhist monks and Taoist priests, but he found that they too were more concerned with the things of this world than with the hope of immortality.

Just as the Monkey King was about to give up his quest and return to his native island, he encountered a woodcutter who directed him to the Wizard Supooti of the Monastery of the Three Stars, reputed to be an immortal of great magic powers. Following the directions of the woodcutter, he hastened toward the Fangsun Mountains and located the monastery, which he readily identified by a large steele in front. He did not dare to knock on the gate but climbed on a pine tree and picked pine seeds to satisfy his hunger while he waited for someone that might chance to come out.

Presently the gate opened and a novice came out and asked who was loitering about.

"It is I, a searcher after immortality," the Monkey King said, jumping down from the tree.

"Then come with me," the novice said, "for the Master is expecting you."

The Wizard was in the middle of a discourse when the monkey was led to him, but he stopped to speak to the monkey and asked where he had come from.

"From the Flower and Fruit Mountain in the Eastern Ocean," the monkey answered.

"Put the untruthful monkey out!" the Wizard shouted angrily. "How can such a puny little thing like you come from so far away?"

But the monkey soon convinced him and was accepted by the Wizard as a disciple. He gave the monkey the surname of Sun, as monkeys are sometimes called *husun*, and named him Wu-kung, or Realizing-All-Is-Vanity. The Monkey was better known, however, as Sun Houtze, or Monkey Sun, as he still looked

very obviously like a monkey in spite of his human garb.

As a novice in search of immortality Monkey Sun was given the chores of the monastery to do. He carried water to the kitchen from the streams, cut firewood, and swept the courtyards. The discourses given by the Wizard sounded very dull and the monkey could make little of them, but as they were supposed to be of great benefit to the hearers, Monkey Sun listened and tried to make of them what he could.

Thus years went by. One day the Wizard asked Monkey Sun if he would like to take up fortunetelling.

"What good would fortunetelling do," the latter asked.

"It will enable you to do things that will bring happiness and to avoid things that will bring misfortune," the Wizard said, "and it will enable you to make a living by telling the fortunes of others."

"Would it give me immortality?"

"It would be like climbing trees for fish," the Master answered with a grin.

"I beg your pardon?" Monkey Sun said, not being used to metaphors.

"It means that you won't catch any fish."

"Then no fortunetelling for me."

"Would you like to take up meditation?"

"Would that give me immortality?"

"You'll be like a brick still in the kiln."

"What does that mean?"

"A brick in the kiln is only half-baked and will melt away in the rain."

"It means, then, that they will not last forever," the monkey said. "I do not want to study meditation."

"Perhaps you would like to study alchemy," the Master suggested. "This will teach you how to turn base metal into gold and how to make brew out of herbs that will prolong life."

"But would it make me immortal?" the monkey persisted.

"It is like fishing for the moon in the water."

"That means that you'll only get the reflection of the moon. I do not want to study alchemy."

Suddenly the Wizard became very angry. He struck Monkey Sun three times on the head, saying, "Perhaps this is what you want, choosy monkey that you are!" Then he turned

his back on him and walked into his own courtyard, shutting the gate behind him.

The other disciples reproached the monkey for his lack of modesty and said that he had never seen the Master lose his temper before. Monkey Sun received these reproaches good-naturedly, for to him the punishment he received meant quite something else.

"Three strokes on the head," he reasoned, "meant that the Master wants to see me at the third watch of the night and the closed gate meant that I should enter by the back door."

So at the third watch that night Monkey Sun went to the back gate. He found it ajar as he had expected. He went into the Wizard's room and knelt down in front of the couch and waited for the Master to speak.

After a while he heard the Wizard whisper to himself, "I do not want to hide the secrets of my magic powers but no one seems really to want them."

"I want to learn those secrets," the monkey said.

"What are you doing here?" the Wizard asked, turning around.

"I have come in as you commanded," the monkey replied.

"It must be the will of heaven that you should learn the secret of immortality," the Wizard said. "Bend forward and I will give you the magic formula."

Monkey Sun obeyed and slowly repeated the mystic phrases after the Wizard. When he had learned the words by heart, the Wizard dismissed him saying, "You can go now. Say the formula to yourself over and over again and meditate upon it. In time it will reveal the secrets to you."

Three years went by before Monkey Sun grasped the significance of the magic formula. Then the Wizard taught him the seventy-two transformations and the somersault whereby he could in an instant travel the distance of 108,000 li. He would have probably learned other magic powers from the Wizard if he had not allowed his vanity to get the better of him and caused him to display his abilities before the other disciples in disobedience to the Wizard's injunctions.

One afternoon as he and his fellow disciples were playing in the clearing outside of the monastery, he was asked what he had learned and whether he could transform himself into other shapes.

"Of course I can," the monkey said. "Tell me what continued on pg. 14

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continued from pg. 11
 agree disagree don't care

1. Should have more on-campus dances.
2. Should have less on-campus dances.
3. The number of on-campus events are just right.
4. Bands are important to the success of a dance.
5. Please mark in preference the type of music you would like to see here at St. James:

- a. rock and roll
- b. new wave
- c. punk
- d. funk
- e. rhythm and blues
- f. country-rock
- g. blues
- h. classical
- i. jazz
- j. reggie
- k. country and western
- l. fifties

Please mark the above with number (1, 2, 3 ...) in order of your particular preference.

6. Do you have any suggestions for other activities that you feel should be scheduled?

7. Comments _____

I am still looking for several people to assist in the set up and tear down of the groups' equipment. Most of it is on wheels and is easy to handle. However, it does take time. I would require your services the day of the event from 1 to 4 p.m. before the show, and from 11 to 12:30 after. Anyone who is interested should drop their name off in room 124. P.S. These people would be awarded free access to the dances.

DATES TO REMEMBER

- Oct. 14 - Casa Loma is hosting a party at the Elmacambo
 Oct. 15 - St. James is holding its first off-campus pub at the Jarvis House. Student activity cards are required.
 Oct. 21 - Kensington is hosting another party at the El Macambo.
 Oct. 30 - St. James is holding its Halloween "en bash in the St. James Cafeteria."
 Nov. 13 - (tentative) St. James Friday the 13th dance.
 Nov. 27 - (tentative) St. James Faculty - student night.

continued from pg. 13
 you want me to change myself into and I'll do it for you."

A tall pine tree was suggested. Thereupon the monkey uttered the magic formula and said, "Transform!" No sooner was this word uttered than he had completely disappeared, leaving in his place a pine tree exactly like the one indicated. The applause that followed disturbed the Wizard and he came out to see the cause. The monkey quickly resumed his own shape and edged himself into the crowd, but this did not help him. The Wizard insisted on the truth and when it finally came out he said sternly to the monkey:

"Have I not told you repeatedly that you must not be vain and display what you can do before others?" This vanity will bring destruction upon yourself and disgrace to me. I cannot let you stay here any longer; go away at once!"

All his entreaties failed to move the Wizard, who looked upon vanity as the greatest of all evils. Reluctantly and with tears in his eyes, Monkey Sun took leave of his master and the other disciples. In parting, the Wizard warned him never under any circumstances to reveal the source of his magic powers. "For I know you will get into trouble because of your vanity," he said, "and I do not want to be held responsible for it. I shall myself destroy you if you ever whisper my name to anyone."

to be continued

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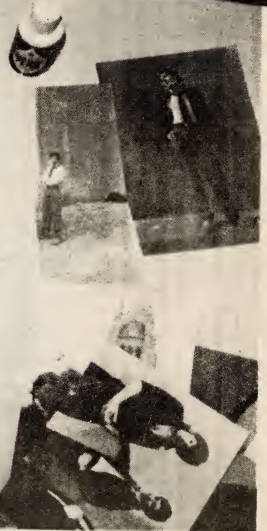
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